



Our friend, the people's friend, and every body's friend GEORGE H. BARNY, who sells those cheap goods, has removed his splendid assortment of goods to the new building known as the McKnight building, where with increased facilities for doing so, he will extend increased accommodations to his patrons.

W. Y. Wynn, the popular Druggist, has removed from the McKnight building to the Scherling building on the "corner," from whence, our worthy friend Sam Lilly was wont to dispense his good things to the people. Mr. Wynn has added to his extensive stock, and is prepared to do a larger business than heretofore.

SAM LILLY, as clever a man as we have in our town, has moved down to the stand recently occupied by E. P. Stratton. His house is newly stocked with new drugs and a full and complete assortment of confectionaries. It is, by far, the best stock of "good things" ever brought to this market. The representatives of Santa Claus can be greatly assisted by calling on "Sam."

MR. OTKEN'S SCHOOL.

We call attention to this gentleman's card in today's paper. The people here ought to rejoice at this prospect for a good school in their midst. We have long been without any advantages for half-grown boys in this community and we hope Mr. Otken will be able to fill the much needed desideratum.

CARROLL AND LEA.

These enterprising gentlemen have just returned from New Orleans with a full supply and complete assortment of drugs and confectionaries. The assortment was made by our friend CARROLL in person, and we can assure the public that every thing is of superior quality.

This house is very justly one of the most popular in our flourishing town, and we know that their present stock of goods will add to their increasing popularity.

We advise our children friends to carry their Christmas change round to the brick building if they want to get a *quid pro quo*, and lest they might not know what that means, we will tell them it means the finest oranges, apples, candies, nuts, &c., they ever did see.

MR. MARKHAM'S SPEECH.

We hope our readers will bear with the republication of this speech this week.

There were errors in it which marred its reading, and although the reader might have made the correct ones as he read, yet as it is a document which so many of our people will preserve, we have thought it would be best to publish it with as few errors as possible.

Another consideration which makes its republication in our columns appropriate is, that there are utterances in it, which ought to be kept prominently before our people, and as the eloquent gentleman has given these ideas in a striking and forcible manner, we think we could not do our readers a better service than to re-publish it.

The two great thoughts in the speech which the speaker himself intended to make prominent relate to our duty to the orphan children and the widows of dependent deceased soldiers; and to our obligations to a large class of dependent human beings in our midst.

As to the first duty, we do not know how to urge it upon our people by argument. It is so potent and its neglect would be so disgraceful that we feel it must and will be performed.

As to the last duty—our present relation to the negroes, it must command our attention sooner or later. At present, but little can be effected. It is a duty which we will learn only by experience, in its most costly form. Our people, in their dissatisfaction at their own political relations, and in their hot haste to repair broken fortunes, are regardful only of the present, unmindful of the great future of their lives. Our relation to the negro race is of the most important nature, and yet but few men are endeavoring to comprehend it. They seem to be oblivious of the fact, that in all history, no such radical change was ever before effected, in so short a time, and at a cost of a fearful war, and they are endeavoring to follow in the old way, although it is filled with fallen timbers, washed in impassable gullies and in numberless ways obstructed, instead of setting resolutely to work to hew out a new and plain way.

The fact that we forget, or rather ignore, is that the negro is FREE and cannot be governed as heretofore. Henceforth he must be governed by the law, and in order that he may not be a curse under the law to us and to himself he must be educated. From this there is no escape.

The negro must be the laborer of the South. We can depend on no other. Unless he is useful to us as a laborer the next hundred years of the South will be years of poverty to the whites of the South. His usefulness will be limited if he is kept in ignorance and governed by law. If educated he will not thereby cease to be our la-

borer, but as an intelligent man he will be more effective than ever before.

Who of our readers does not know, among his acquaintances, of white men, who have this year with their own hands made double the average of crops made by negro men? Why is it? The answer is, one is intelligent the other is ignorant.

This matter is of far more importance to the Southern people than any other question growing out of politics or political economy.

Our people should meet monthly in every County in the State, in an organized body, and confer over all matters growing out of our laboring system, and determine upon concerted action dictated by the most exalted sense of justice and right.

If this is not done, the prosperity of the country must, and will be long retarded.

Fellow-soldiers and citizens, my fair countrywomen, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Historical and Monumental Association—You have called me from my pulpit and pastoral work to bear my part in these commemorating rites, in which you are, to-day, embalming the deeds of your noble dead; and after the words of introduction with which my friend, your Marshal, has presented me, I feel that I am at home and among friends, and that you extend to me that welcoming reception that is the offering of kindred sympathies and a common affection. For our hearts beat together as we recall our struggle and our defeat, and many of your dead, whom you bury afresh to-day, were very dear to me; I knew their worth and shared their sufferings, and, with you, share their loss. And, in calling me to this duty, you have, in my person, invoked the ministrations of that religion whose sublime revelations have opened to the virtuous and the good those heavens toward which the shaft of this monumental stone will point, a symbolic token of their aspirations after a better world and a truer life.

The fair givers of this draped banner and this corner-stone, and these young men, your own sons, who have received these generous gifts, the offerings of a brave man to the brave spirits who sealed their courage with their lives, in true and thrilling words have moved your hearts and moistened your eyes with their glowing tributes to your loved and lost. No words of mine can add to that impression. Nor is it well to linger too long about our graves, feeding our sorrows with memories of our desolations. Let me rather bid you look up, lifting the heads that hang down, and nerve anew souls that are depressed, as we contemplate the clear compensations and strong consolations that are to be placed over against these losses, and minister comfort in these bereavements.

And the first thought which, in this spirit, I shall offer, is this: That those generations of a nation whose chief experience is adversity, who know sufferings, oppressions and bereavements, often live to higher purposes, and work out noble results, than other generations of the same people, whose experiences are prosperity and success. And, for proof, I turn to the past, to the nations the clear shining of whose records lights up the path of the present, and crowns with a beckoning glory headlands of hope in the future. Take, for illustration, that people whose history is the oldest and the grandest—the Israelites. Why are we not idolaters to-day? Because three centuries of the bitterest bondage kept the Jews, as they attained their national growth, acquiring the learning and skill and arts of the first people of that period; kept them from accepting, with these great gains, their customs and worship. Isolated and protected by this very oppression, they preserved and transmitted the knowledge and worship of the one God, the one only, the living and the true. Again, the generation of that same people that died in the wilderness between Egypt and Canaan, received from God and gave to man the two tables of the law, that are to this day the bases of truth, justice and right throughout Christendom. Did not such grand results repay oppressions and wanderings? Again, there are the martyrs, of whom Paul writes "that the world was not worthy," and of whom Milton sings, asking in that noble sonnet that "their martyred blood and ashes may be sown over all the Italian fields." They drank adversity's dregs, yet are they the church's crown and glory. And the fathers of our land, who battled against British power, ah! we uncover our heads to that noble yet suffering generation.

My second thought is this: That a people cast down by conquest, overwhelmed and despoiled, are not, therefore, either destroyed or doomed. All the great nations have known just such vicissitudes. England has been thrice conquered; the Dane, the Saxon, the Norman, have in turn pressed her beneath their feet. Every continental capital saw the flag of the great French conqueror flaunting victory from its spires and domes; all these banners in turn floated over his. And still another turn has come with cycling time. Britain chained that great victor in a rock bound, sea girt prison, and there he fretted his mighty heart away. Yet afterwards his land gave him kingly burial; and his simple name gave that land a lord, who stands to-day in the fore front of the earth's emperors. Look at Scotland.—England lorded it again and again over her Lowland plains and her Highland crags. Yet, after ages of strife, she gave her free assent when made equal, and be-

came one with her Southern neighbor, when admitted as her peer. The Northern Conservatives, our conquerors, hold out to us the hand of English fraternization; to them we return the Scottish grasp, ready, with the great man who rules the land to-day, to strike hands in a just and equal reconstruction.

And, now, I turn from these thoughts to the duties of the hour; that we may learn lessons of wisdom from this solemn scene. To what are we exhorted to-day?

I answer, firstly—and I know I speak in the name and with the spirit of your beloved dead, could they, bending from this outspread sky, address you—we are exhorted to a great patience—to a patience which, like the passion of a lofty spirit, is the birthright of bold and noble souls. A patience like to the courage which we illustrated during four long years of wearying and eventful war. Great peoples are consistent and unique in the proportion of their great qualities. They fight heroically; overborne, they yield grandly. We fought for a separate nationality; we failed. Our necessities, themselves being the judges, proved "women worthy of their steel." As said your honored Governor, Mississippi's veteran son, our spirit in the fight is the guarantee our honor gives. (I give his sentiment, not remembering his words.) And our full, and clear, and honest yielding has sustained that guarantee. So quiet, so complete, so entire has it been, that the party dominating in the North cannot appreciate it, cannot credit it. Against their force we are powerless; and if unconvinced and unrelenting, they pursue us with still further woes, let us oppose to these that which, while it is the last resource of a prostrate people, is also their crowning glory—an unconquering patience. Humanity looks with reverence upon a great man calm amid adversities; men and angels honor a great people who, quiet, self-poised and self-contained, bear great and continuing wrongs.

Another lesson that we should read to-day, is this: God gave us a great trust. Four millions of bondsmen and bondswomen were ours. To teach them, to elevate them, to christianize them; these were our plain duties. We did not discharge these duties; had we, this trust, in that very form, had been ours to-day. Our relations to that people are changed, but the trust in another form, and with like duties, remains. Let us "sin no more lest a worse thing happen unto us." We are the only true friends that this ignorant, feeble, dependent people have in all the world. And while their elevation to a social and political equality we will ever oppose, never consenting to our own degradation, yet, to instruct, to counsel, to help, and to save them, is a high and sacred mission, worthy the hands and hearts of christian freemen. And here we may take courage when we remember that six hundred thousand men in the two great States reaching from the Delaware and Hudson to the lake, and thousands upon thousands in other Northern States, men who are no longer adversaries, stand with us in the utterance of words like these. All honor to the men who battled at the ballot box to extend to us the rights due to States and men—the "consent of the governed," and the inalienable birth right of white men!

But the lesson that should most impress our hearts to-day, is this: And it is the last of which I shall speak. You are remembering the dead; and it is well. Do not forget the living. I can show you how to build a monument more enduring than marble. Erect it in the hearts of widows and orphans. When laboring as chaplain in the army, as good men as ever bore musket would come to me, their counselor and friend, with words such as one of them used, whose brimming eyes moistened mine, as he said: "Parson, (ah! that plain word of the country will ever be sweet to my ear,) my family have lived for more than a month on corn bread and water, and not always enough of that; and I have neighbors who have plenty. What must I do?" Ah! don't build monuments to these dead men and leave their wives and children to suffer. See to it that they get food and shelter and raiment, and that these boys and girls, whose fathers and brothers' names are engraved on this shaft, get the nurture and admonition of the school house and the church. This will honor the dead and ennoble the "Lost Cause," far more than shaft and urn and tablet. And your own hearts will rejoice as orphans' eyes sparkle and widows hearts sing for joy. And children's children will "rise up and call you blessed."

I know that this is to you a day of saddest recollections. You live amid desolations despoiled and bereaved. When I read of leniency to the conquered, as that word sometime appears, I think of that wholesale act of confiscation, which at one blow, beggared a people. An impoverishment without parallel—four billions of property, for these slaves were our property, wrenched from us by a stroke of our conquerors' pen. I think, too, of a land which, before, invading hosts, was "as the garden of the Lord, and behind them, a desert." And then the vision of blood rises. I know, fathers and mothers, that to-day the vivid remembrances of your boys' lives are freshened in your minds; the infant that lay in your arms, the child that prattled at your knee, the stripling that grew at your side, the young man on whom your eye looked to lean, the soldier who went to the war with your blessing and your fears; I know

that the lover who looked into your eyes, the husband who faded to his breast, the father of your babes, and the stay of your house; I know, sisters and brothers, that the boy who romped with you in the home, and sat by you in the school, and rode with you to the church, and went from you in his manly strength; and I know, son and daughter, that the father whom you loved and honored; ah! I know, father, mother, wife, sister, brother, son, daughter, how all these, who will never come back, are with you to-day, and how, as I speak, you are thinking, thinking, the quick coming memories that throng and throb through the sensitive brain and the loving heart, and yet I know, too, that your drooping eyes must rise and your blood course proudly through your veins, and your souls glow with triumph as you recall their devotion to their land, their toils and sufferings, and deaths—all endured and braved for you and her, for their homes and their altars. Oh! as these come to mind, can you not lay them on the altar of sacrifice, ennobled and embalmed, your heart's richest offering to truth, honor and duty? As you recall the glorious career of those two gallant armies, the one ever conquering while battling on Virginia's soil, encircling as a living wall beleaguering Richmond, until its gilded ranks make skill and valor and devotion powerless against outnumbering hosts; the other, ever overmatched and yet as valiant and as true, ever renewing itself after disasters, and, though driven and baffled, true to its leaders and its colors—will not your hearts leap up as you read the names of your dead written on their rolls of honor?

Soldiers of the war! I know your hearts are full to-day, burdened with the memories of brave men. You are luring your dead friends over again, and pale faces and cold forms come vividly to mind. And the camp, the bivouac, the hospital, the prison, the marches, the trenches, the battles; in thought you live these over again. And you, comrades of our old command! do not Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, and Chattanooga, pass in review before you to-day? And those later eventful campaigns, when from Dalton to Atlanta you contested, step by step, the advance of a mighty host under a trusted leader whom you would have followed to the gulf; with an army wrapped in gloom because of his removal, and the quick following disasters of Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro; continued by that fatal onward movement to the Tennessee; the crossing the Rubicon by a brave little army, flushed with expectation, which, disappointed of its rightful prize, by the fatal inaction at Spring Hill, broken by the vain slaughter at Franklin, and frozen in the cold trenches at Nashville, was hurled back to that fated stream; its rear guard, its forlorn hope, beating off its pursuers at Anthony's Hill and Sugar Creek—this dread work all wrought in one disastrous month—the little remnant forming again under its great General, whose presence renewed its life, to close in the Carolinas under his wise head and careful hand the unequal struggle! I know you remember all this. Ah, Franklin! Can you ever forget it, with the seventy stiffened forms that we laid away in their wintry sleep! And here stands a general (Thos. M. Scott) who, leading another brigade of our division, shares with us the memories of that dread day. And can we ever forget the noble people of Franklin, and those noble women, and has not our division embalmed in its heart that prince of men, (Col. Jas. McGavock) whose home was opened to his wounded, his house and grounds a field hospital for three hundred bleeding men; grounds since hallowed yet more as the resting place of all the Confederate dead buried on that fatal field and removed at his desire?

Alas! but few of our great fields will get for their dead such noble and generous care; but wherever our slain soldiers lie, that, to us, is hallowed ground. Yes! there uncovered bones may bleach beneath the sky and the heedless farmer turn them over with his plow, yet, just as wind, and sun, and rain shall whiten these neglected bones, so their names which, to-day, may be cast out, will, in the keeping of time "which is the shrine of virtue rather than its tomb," be rendered fair and clear.

We of the South were once a power. Our conquerors for four years conceded that: one of their highest judges defined our limits as "compact and bounded by a line of bayonets that could be crossed only by force." We are a power no longer. Yet the men and deeds of those four years will live while the world stands famous in its history. Poland is crushed but Kosciuszko's name is immortal; Ireland is enthralled but Emmet's memory lives in song and story. Think you that the land of Lee, and the Johnsons, and Jackson; of Davis and Beauregard, of Forrest and Semmes, will go down to other times "unwept, unhonored and unsung?" No! these names and this land will live through the ages, and, embalmed in great epics, and resounding in martial odes, will move the hearts of gentle women, and stir the souls of brave men.

This monument whose corner-stone will be laid to-day, by this noble and ancient order, will become a pilgrim shrine to which your children and your children's children will resort to hold communion with the martyr warriors of their race. But a day will come when this memorial shaft will fall and its base crumble; yet

the memory of these men and this day will not perish. Men are immortal, and you have built for them in your hearts an everlasting memorial. On this you have engraved their names, their devotion and their deeds.

HYMENIAL.



MARRIED.

On the 19th inst., at the residence of Mr. R. E. Bates, by the Rev. Z. Reeves, Dr. J. R. SAMPLE to Miss ARY L. ROBINSON—all of this County.

We acknowledge the receipt of a goodly amount of the delicacies, with which the generous relatives of the lovely bride, feasted their friends. They have our thanks, and our warmest wishes, that the fond expectations and eager hopes which they cherish for the now happy couple, may be fully realized.

May their friends never be fewer or their happiness less; and may useful lives be attended with comfort, and old age protected and blessed with a competency of the good things of earth and a bright hope of better things hereafter.

On the 19th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Charles H. Otken, Mr. A. WILL UNDERWOOD to Mrs. EMILY C. HUFF—all of this County.

Underwood has done well—his bride likewise. He is one of the clever; she handsome, amiable and accomplished. The future is full of hope. The path is strewn with flowers now; no thorns should be allowed to grow in it—as the goal is approached these flowers should be fresher and more fragrant, and when at last it is reached, they will pass over into that land where flowers are perennial, and where thorns never grow.

On the 20th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth A. McDowell, by Rev. M. S. Shirk, Mr. CHARLES E. DAVIS to Miss ELLEN C. HUFF—all of this County.

Long wooed, at last wed, Charlie has the best wishes of all connected with our office. To wish the husband well is to wish the wife better; for such are the relations of the wedded life, that happiness to the husband brings greater happiness to the wife. Let the accomplished wife whom he has taken to his bosom ever bear in mind this truth, and the warm wishes we have expressed for their welfare will be fully realized. As upon it though life, and the evening of the days of both will be gilded by a clear mellow sunset, shedding a benignant radiance over the abiding place of those who may "rise up to call you blessed."

New Advertisements.

HIGH SCHOOL
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ONE MILE East from Liberty on the Holmer-ville Road. Commences Monday, January 21st, 1867. The Session consists of forty weeks.

RATES OF TUITION:

Primary Studies, per Session, \$25.00
Advanced English Studies, " 35.00
Latin, Greek and Algebra, " 45.00
Incidentals, " 1.00

These prices are in gold—their equivalent in currency will be taken in payment. One half must be paid in advance—the other at the expiration of five months. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted sickness. No day students will be taken, except by special permission. A limited number of boarders can be accommodated by the Principals—Mr. D. A. FAYET and others.

This School is permanent.
CHAS. H. OTKEN, PRINCIPAL.
December 22, 1866. 44

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
AMITE COUNTY.

Circuit Court—To May Term, 1867.

JOHN T. LUMPKINS,
vs.
ETHELRED MAY,
WILLIAM J. WEATHERSBY,
WILLIAM M. McNULTY.

Attachment for \$1925.00.
THE atachment in this case having been returned by the Sheriff of said County, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that said Defendants, Ethelred May, William J. Weathersby and William M. McNulty, are non residents of the State of Mississippi, it is now ordered that publication be made for four consecutive weeks, in the "Liberty Advocate," a public newspaper, printed and published in the Town of Liberty, in said County and State, citing the said Defendants to be and personally appear at the May Term of the Court aforesaid to be held in the Court House in Liberty, in said County, on the Fourth Monday of May, A. D. 1867, and answer the complaint aforesaid, in default of which appearance, judgment by default will be rendered.

JAMES M. GAYLE,
CLERK.

December 22, 1866. 44

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

IN THE CHANCERY COURT OF AMITE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI—To Nov. Term, 1866.

W. J. MARSAIS,
vs.
JAMES MARSAIS.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Chancery Court of Amite County, Mississippi, made at the November Term, 1866, the undersigned, Commissioner, will on Monday, the 28th day of January, 1867, between the hours prescribed by Law, at the door of the Court House, in Liberty, in said County and State, proceed to sell for cash, the following described lands—viz:

The North West Quarter of Section number 6, in Township number 3, of Range number 6, East—containing one hundred and sixty acres.

PETER RATCLIFF,
Commissioner.

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